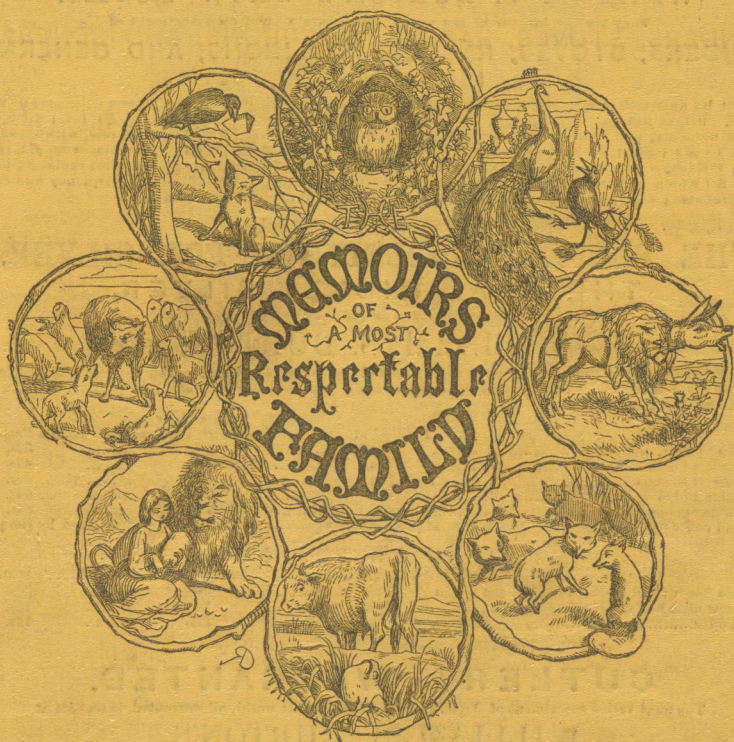


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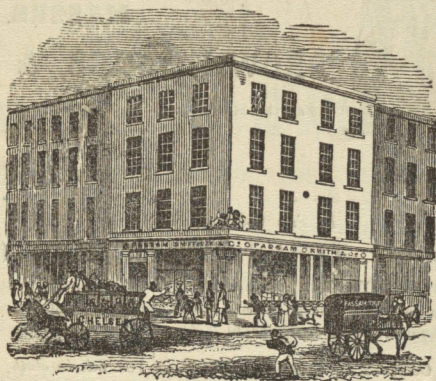
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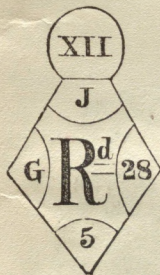
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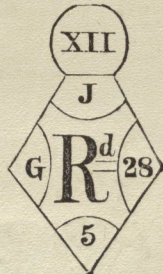
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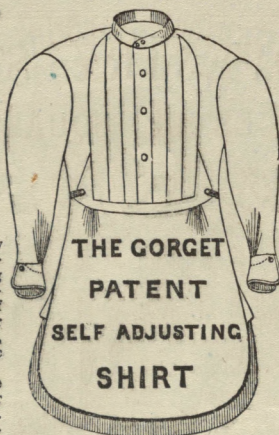


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THE GORGET combines novelty with perfection of Fit, is acknowledged by all to be the easiest fitting Shirt yet made, and, by a simple invention of the Patentees, adjusts itself to all movements of the body, either walking, sitting, or riding. Price, including the REGISTERED ELLIPTIC WRISTBAND, 42s. the half-dozen.

The ELLIPTIC 3-fold COLLAR, quite unique, in all shapes, with PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING, 12s. the dozen. The PATENT ELASTIC COLLAR FASTENING can be attached to any Collar, opening back or front. Six sent by Post on receipt of 13 Postage Stamps.

Sample Shirt forwarded upon receipt of a Post Office Order for 8s. 6d.



THE
ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN IN FRONT.



WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

Directions for Measurement.

1. Round the Chest, over the Shirt.
 2. Round the Waist, over the Shirt.
 3. Round the Neck, middle of Throat.
 4. Round the Wrist.
 5. Length of Coat Sleeve, from centre of Back, down seam of Sleeve, to bottom of Cuff.
 6. Length of Shirt at back.
- The first four measures must be taken *tight*.
Say if the Shirts are to open back or front.
If with Collars attached (3s. the half-dozen extra).
If Buttons or Studs in Front.
If Buttons or Studs at Wrist.

PATENTEES,
COOPER AND FRYER,
NEXT DOOR TO THE
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PARASOLS.

THE demand for a much better and more elegant description of Parasol having prevailed during the last few years,

**W. & J.
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have again had manufactured in Lyons and Spitalfields to their order some very rich and costly patterns, of which they respectfully solicit an inspection.



W. & J. S. also beg to say they will receive, in a few weeks, from Canton, another parcel of China Crape Parasol Covers, made expressly for their house, which article was so much admired last season.

Alpaca Parasols are particularly recommended for the sea-side and garden, on account of their great durability.

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EXTREMELY LIGHT UMBRELLAS FOR LADIES, ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.

ELLIPTIC COLLAR

ELLIPTIC COLLAR



THE CORSET
PATENT
SELF ADJUSTING
SHIRT

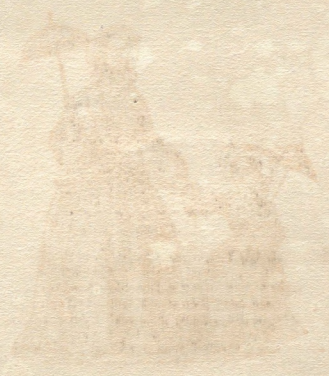
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PATENT
COOPER AND FRYER
HAYMARKET THEATRE
PARASOLS



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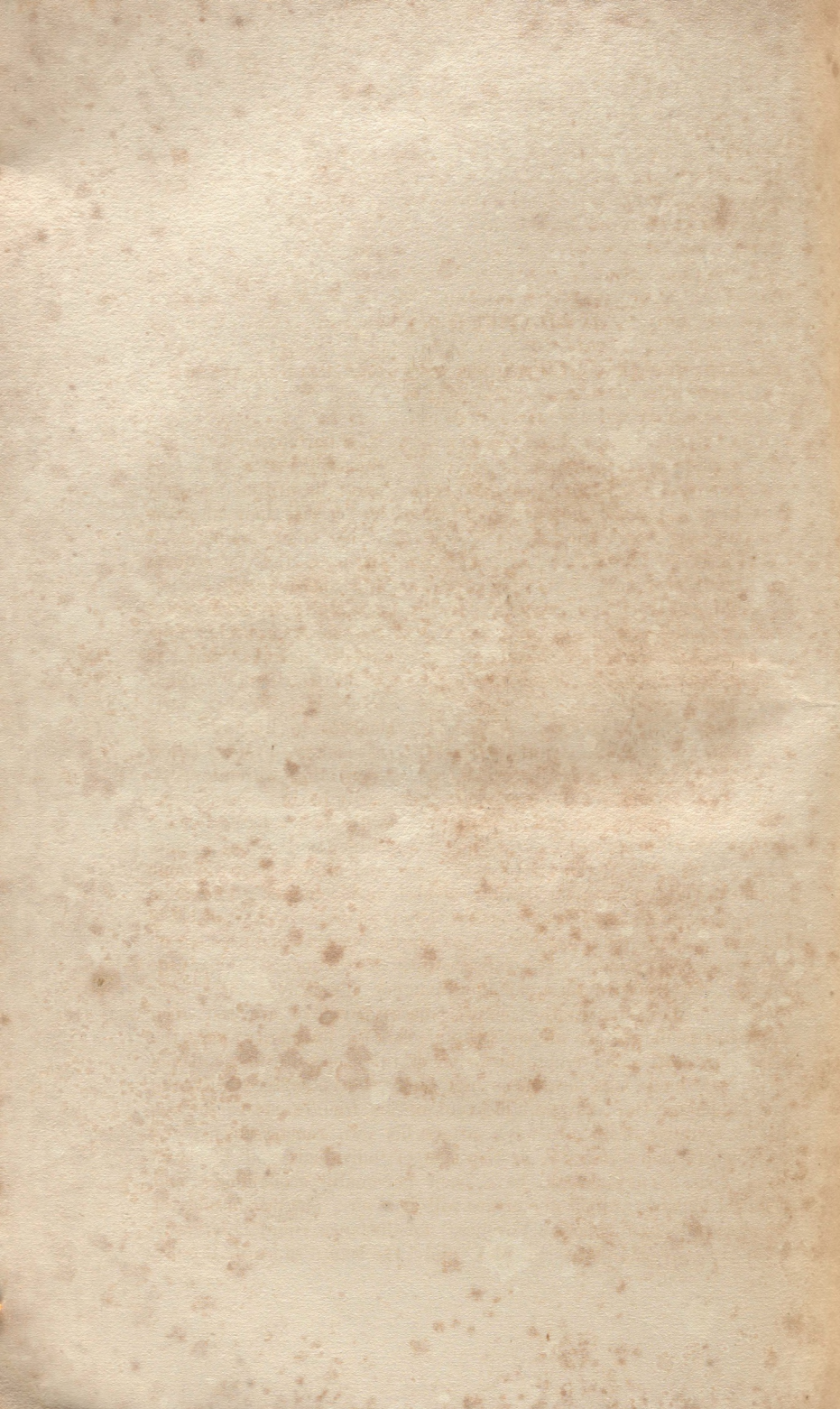
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A Family Party.



"Farewell."



CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH THE NEWCOME BROTHERS ONCE MORE MEET TOGETHER IN
UNITY.



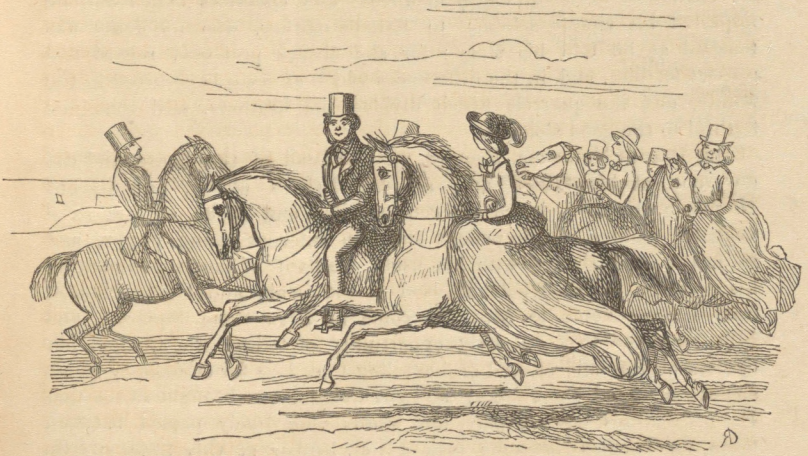
HIS narrative, as the judicious reader no doubt is aware, is written maturely and at ease, long after the voyage is over, whereof it recounts the adventures and perils; the winds adverse and favourable; the storms, shoals, shipwrecks, islands, and so forth, which Clive Newcome met in his early journey in life. In such a history events follow each other without necessarily having a connection with one another. One ship crosses another ship, and after a visit from one

captain to his comrade, they sail away each on his course. The Clive Newcome meets a vessel which makes signals that she is short of bread and water; and after supplying her, our captain leaves her to see her no more. One or two of the vessels with which we commenced the voyage together, part company in a gale, and founder miserably; others, after being wofully battered in the tempest, make port; or are cast upon surprising islands where all sorts of unlooked-for prosperity awaits the lucky crew. Also, no doubt, the writer of the book, into whose hands Clive Newcome's logs have been put, and who is charged with the duty of making two octavo volumes out of his friend's story; dresses up the narrative in his own way; utters his own remarks in place of Newcome's; makes fanciful descriptions of individuals and incidents with which he never could have been personally acquainted; and commits blunders, which the critics will discover. A great number of the descriptions in "Cook's Voyages," for instance, were notoriously invented by Dr. Hawkesworth, who "did" the book: so in the present

volumes, where dialogues are written down, which the reporter could by no possibility have heard, and where motives are detected which the persons actuated by them certainly never confided to the writer; the public must once for all be warned that the author's individual fancy very likely supplies much of the narrative; and that he forms it as best he may, out of stray papers, conversations reported to him, and his knowledge, right or wrong, of the characters of the persons engaged. And, as is the case with the most orthodox histories, the writer's own guesses or conjectures are printed in exactly the same type as the most ascertained patent facts. I fancy, for my part, that the speeches attributed to Clive, the Colonel, and the rest, are as authentic as the orations in Sallust or Livy, and only implore the truth-loving public to believe that incidents here told, and which passed very probably without witnesses, were either confided to me subsequently as compiler of this biography, or are of such a nature that they must have happened from what we know happened after. For example, when you read such words as QVE ROMANVS on a battered Roman stone, your profound antiquarian knowledge enables you to assert that SENATVS POPVLVS was also inscribed there at some time or other. You take a mutilated statue of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Virorum, and you pop him on a wanting hand, an absent foot, or a nose, which time or barbarians have defaced. You tell your tales as you can, and state the facts as you think they must have been. In this manner, Mr. James (historiographer to her Majesty) Titus Livius, Professor Alison, Robinson Crusoe, and all historians proceeded. Blunders there must be in the best of these narratives, and more asserted than they can possibly know or vouch for.

To recur to our own affairs, and the subject at present in hand. I am obliged here to supply from conjecture a few points of the history, which I could not know from actual experience or hearsay. Clive, let us say is Romanus, and we must add Senatus Populusque to his inscription. After Mrs. Mackenzie and her pretty daughter had been for a few months in London, which they did not think of quitting, although Mr. Binnie's wounded little leg was now as well and as brisk as ever it had been; a reintegration of love began to take place between the Colonel and his relatives in Park Lane. How should we know that there had ever been a quarrel, or at any rate a coolness? Thomas Newcome was not a man to talk at length of any such matter; though a word or two occasionally dropped in conversation by the simple gentleman might lead persons who chose to interest themselves about his family affairs to form their own opinions concerning them. After that visit of the Colonel and his son to Newcome, Ethel was constantly away with her grandmother. The Colonel went to see his pretty little favourite at Brighton, and once, twice, thrice, Lady Kew's door was denied to him. The knocker of that door could not be more fierce than the old lady's countenance, when Newcome met her in her chariot driving on the cliff. Once, forming the loveliest of a charming Amazonian squadron, led by Mr. Whiskin, the riding-master, when

the Colonel encountered his pretty Ethel, she greeted him affectionately it is true ; there was still the sweet look of candour and love in her



eyes ; but when he rode up to her she looked so constrained, when he talked about Clive so reserved, when he left her, so sad, that he could not but feel pain and commiseration. Back he went to London, having in a week only caught this single glance of his darling.

This event occurred while Clive was painting his picture of the Battle of Assaye, before mentioned, during the struggles incident on which composition he was not thinking much about Miss Ethel, or his papa, or any other subject but his great work. Whilst Assaye was still in progress Thomas Newcome must have had an explanation with his sister-in-law, Lady Anne, to whom he frankly owned the hopes which he had entertained for Clive, and who must as frankly have told the Colonel that Ethel's family had very different views for that young lady to those which the simple Colonel had formed. A generous early attachment, the Colonel thought, is the safeguard of a young man. To love a noble girl ; to wait awhile and struggle, and haply do some little achievement in order to win her ; the best task to which his boy could set himself. If two young people so loving each other were to marry on rather narrow means, what then ? A happy home was better than the finest house in May Fair ; a generous young fellow, such as, please God, his son was,—loyal, upright, and a gentleman, might pretend surely to his kinswoman's hand without derogation ; and the affection he bore Ethel himself was so great, and the sweet regard with which she returned it, that the simple father thought his kindly project was favoured by Heaven, and prayed for its fulfilment, and pleased himself to think, when his campaigns were over, and his

sword hung on the wall, what a beloved daughter he might have to soothe and cheer his old age. With such a wife for his son, and child for himself, he thought the happiness of his last years might repay him for friendless boyhood, lonely manhood, and cheerless exile; and he imparted his simple scheme to Ethel's mother, who no doubt was touched as he told his story; for she always professed regard and respect for him, and in the differences which afterwards occurred in the family, and the quarrels which divided the brothers, still remained faithful to the good Colonel.

But Barnes Newcome, Esquire, was the head of the house, and the governor of his father and all Sir Brian's affairs, and Barnes Newcome, Esquire, hated his cousin Clive, and spoke of him as a beggarly painter, an impudent snob, an infernal young puppy, and so forth; and Barnes with his usual freedom of language imparted his opinions to his Uncle Hodson at the bank, and Uncle Hodson carried them home to Mrs. Newcome in Bryanstone Square; and Mrs. Newcome took an early opportunity of telling the Colonel her opinion on the subject, and of bewailing that love for aristocracy which she saw actuated some folks; and the Colonel was brought to see that Barnes was his boy's enemy, and words very likely passed between them, for Thomas Newcome took a new banker at this time, and, as Clive informed me, was in very great dudgeon, because Hodson Brothers wrote to him to say that he had overdrawn his account. "I am sure there is some screw loose," the sagacious youth remarked to me; "and the Colonel and the people in Park Lane are at variance, because he goes there very little now; and he promised to go to Court when Ethel was presented, and he didn't go."

Some months after the arrival of Mr. Binnie's niece and sister in Fitzroy Square, the fraternal quarrel between the Newcomes must have come to an end—for that time at least—and was followed by a rather ostentatious reconciliation. And pretty little Rosy Mackenzie was the innocent and unconscious cause of this amiable change in the minds of the three brethren, as I gathered from a little conversation with Mrs. Newcome, who did me the honour to invite me to her table. As she had not vouchsafed this hospitality to me for a couple of years previously, and perfectly stifled me with affability when we met,—as her invitation came quite at the end of the season, when almost everybody was out of town, and a dinner to a man is no compliment—I was at first for declining this invitation, and spoke of it with great scorn when Mr. Newcome orally delivered it to me at Bays's Club.

"What," said I, turning round to an old man of the world, who happened to be in the room at the time, "what do these people mean by asking a fellow to dinner in August, and taking me up after dropping me for two years?"

"My good fellow," says my friend—it was my kind old Uncle Major Pendennis indeed—"I have lived long enough about town never to ask myself questions of that sort. In the world people drop you and

take you up every day. You know Lady Cheddar by sight? I have known her husband for forty years. I have stayed with them in the country for weeks at a time. She knows me as well as she knows King Charles at Charing Cross, and a doosid deal better, and yet for a whole season she will drop me—pass me by, as if there was no such person in the world. Well, sir, what do I do? I never see her. I give you my word I am never conscious of her existence; and if I meet her at dinner, I'm no more aware of her than the fellows in the play are of Banquo. What's the end of it? She comes round—only last Toosday she came round—and said Lord Cheddar wanted me to go down to Wiltshire. I asked after the family (you know Henry Churningham is engaged to Miss Rennet?—a doosid good match for the Cheddars). We shook hands and are as good friends as ever. I don't suppose she'll cry when I die, you know (said the worthy old gentleman with a grin). Nor shall I go into *very* deep mourning if anything happens to her. You were quite right to say to Newcome that you did not know whether you were free or not, and would look at your engagements when you got home, and give him an answer. A fellow of that rank *has* no right to give himself airs. But they will, sir. Some of those bankers are as high and mighty as the oldest families. They marry noblemen's daughters, by Jove, and think nothing is too good for 'em. But I should go, if I were you, Arthur. I dined there a couple of months ago; and the bankeress said something about you: that you and her nephew were much together, that you were sad wild dogs, I think—something of that sort. 'Gad, ma'am,' says I, 'boys will be boys.' 'And they grow to be men!' says she, nodding her head. Queer little woman, devilish pompous. Dinner confoundedly long, stoopid, scientific."

The old gentleman was on this day inclined to be talkative and confidential, and I set down some more remarks which he made concerning my friends. "Your Indian Colonel," says he, "seems a worthy man." The Major quite forgot having been in India himself, unless he was in company with some very great personage. "He don't seem to know much of the world, and we are not very intimate. Fitzroy Square is a dev'lish long way off for a fellow to go for a dinner, and, *entre nous*, the dinner is rather queer and the company still more so. It's right for you who are a literary man to see all sorts of people; but I'm different you know, so Newcome and I are not very thick together. They say he wanted to marry your friend to Lady Ann's daughter, an exceedingly fine girl; one of the prettiest girls come out this season. I hear the young men say so. And that shows how monstrous ignorant of the world Colonel Newcome is. His son could no more get that girl than he could marry one of the royal princesses. Mark my words, they intend Miss Newcome for Lord Kew. Those banker-fellows are wild after grand marriages. Kew will sow his wild oats, and they'll marry her to him; or if not to him to some man of high rank. His father Walham was a weak young man; but his

grandmother, old Lady Kew, is a monstrous clever old woman, too severe with her children, one of whom ran away and married a poor devil without a shilling. Nothing could show a more deplorable ignorance of the world than poor Newcome supposing his son could make such a match as that with his cousin. Is it true that he is going to make his son an artist? I don't know what the dooce the world is coming to. An artist! By gad, in my time a fellow would as soon have thought of making his son a hair-dresser, or a pastry-cook, by gad." And the worthy Major gives his nephew two fingers, and trots off to the next club in St. James's Street, of which he is a member.

The virtuous hostess of Bryanstone Square was quite civil and good-humoured when Mr. Pendennis appeared at her house; and my surprise was not inconsiderable when I found the whole party from Saint Pancras there assembled;—Mr. Binnie; the Colonel and his son; Mrs. Mackenzie, looking uncommonly handsome and perfectly well-dressed; and Miss Rosey, in pink crape, with pearly shoulders and blushing cheeks, and beautiful fair ringlets—as fresh and comely a sight as it was possible to witness. Scarcely had we made our bows, and shaken our hands, and imparted our observations about the fineness of the weather, when behold! as we look from the drawing-room windows into the cheerful square of Bryanstone, a great family coach arrives, driven by a family coachman in a family wig, and we recognise Lady Ann Newcome's carriage, and see her ladyship, her mother, her daughter, and her husband, Sir Brian, descend from the vehicle. "It is quite a family party," whispers the happy Mrs. Newcome to the happy writer conversing with her in the niche of the window. "Knowing your intimacy with our brother, Colonel Newcome, we thought it would please him to meet you here. Will you be so kind as to take Miss Newcome to dinner?"

Everybody was bent upon being happy and gracious. It was "My dear brother, how do you do?" from Sir Brian. "My dear Colonel, how glad we are to see you! how well you look!" from Lady Ann. Miss Newcome ran up to him with both hands out, and put her beautiful face so close to his that I thought, upon my conscience, she was going to kiss him. And Lady Kew, advancing in the frankest manner, with a smile, I must own, rather awful playing round her many wrinkles, round her ladyship's hooked-nose, and displaying her ladyship's teeth (a new and exceedingly handsome set), held out her hand to Colonel Newcome, and said briskly, "Colonel, it is an age since we met." She turns to Clive with equal graciousness and good humour, and says, "Mr. Clive, let me shake hands with you; I have heard all sorts of good of you, that you have been painting the most beautiful things, that you are going to be quite famous." Nothing can exceed the grace and kindness of Lady Ann Newcome towards Mrs. Mackenzie: the pretty widow blushes with pleasure at this greeting; and now Lady Ann must be introduced to Mrs. Mackenzie's charming daughter, and whispers in the delighted mother's ear, "She is lovely!" Rosey

comes up looking rosy indeed, and executes a pretty curtsy with a great deal of blushing grace.

Ethel has been so happy to see her dear uncle, that as yet she has had no eyes for any one else, until Clive advancing, those bright eyes become brighter still with surprise and pleasure as she beholds him. For being absent with his family in Italy now, and not likely to see this biography for many many months, I may say that he is a much handsomer fellow than our designer has represented; and if that wayward artist should take this very scene for the purpose of illustration, he is requested to bear in mind that the hero of this story will wish to have justice done to his person. There exists in Mr. Newcome's possession a charming little pencil drawing of Clive at this age, and which Colonel Newcome took with him when he went—whither he is about to go in a very few pages—and brought back with him to this country. A florid apparel becomes some men, as simple raiment suits others; and Clive in his youth was of the ornamental class of mankind—a customer to tailors, a wearer of handsome rings, shirt-studs, mustachios, long hair, and the like; nor could he help, in his costume or his nature, being picturesque and generous and splendid. He was always greatly delighted with that Scotch man-at-arms in “Quentin Durward,” who twists off an inch or two of his gold chain to treat a friend and pay for a bottle. He would give a comrade a ring or a fine-jewelled pin, if he had no money. Silver dressing-cases, and brocade morning-gowns were in him a sort of propriety at this season of his youth. It was a pleasure to persons of colder temperament to sun themselves in the warmth of his bright looks and generous humour. His laughter cheered one like wine. I do not know that he was very witty; but he was pleasant. He was prone to blush: the history of a generous trait moistened his eyes instantly. He was instinctively fond of children, and of the other sex from one year old to eighty. Coming from the Derby once—a merry party—and stopped on the road from Epsom in a lock of carriages, during which the people in the carriage a-head saluted us with many vituperative epithets, and seized the heads of our leaders,—Clive in a twinkling jumped off the box, and the next minute we saw him engaged with a half-dozen of the enemy: his hat gone, his fair hair flying off his face, his blue eyes flashing fire, his lips and nostrils quivering with wrath, his right and left hand hitting out, *que c'étoit un plaisir à voir*. His father sat back in the carriage, looking with delight and wonder—indeed it was a great sight. Policeman X separated the warriors. Clive ascended the box again with a dreadful wound in the coat, which was gashed from the waist to the shoulder. I hardly ever saw the elder Newcome in such a state of triumph. The post-boys quite stared at the gratuity he gave them, and wished they might drive his lordship to the Oaks.

All the time we have been making this sketch Ethel is standing, looking at Clive; and the blushing youth casts down his eyes before

her's. Her face assumes a look of arch humour. She passes a slim hand over the prettiest lips, and a chin with the most lovely of dimples, thereby indicating her admiration of Mr. Clive's mustachios and imperial. They are of a warm yellowish chestnut colour, and have not yet known the razor. He wears a low cravat; a shirt front of the finest lawn, with ruby buttons. His hair of a lighter colour, waves almost to "his manly shoulders broad." "Upon my word, my dear Colonel," says Lady Kew, after looking at him, and nodding her head shrewdly, "I think we were right."

"No doubt right in everything your ladyship does, but in what particularly?" asks the Colonel.

"Right to keep him out of the way. Ethel has been disposed of these ten years. Did not Anne tell you? How foolish of her! But all mothers like to have young men dying for their daughters. Your son is really the handsomest boy in London. Who is that conceited-looking young man in the window? Mr. Pen—what? Has your son really been very wicked? I was told he was a sad scapegrace."

"I never knew him do, and I don't believe he ever thought anything that was untrue, or unkind, or ungenerous," says the Colonel. "If any one has belied my boy to you, and I think I know who his enemy has been—"

"The young lady is very pretty," remarks Lady Kew, stopping the Colonel's further outbreak. "How very young her mother looks! Ethel, my dear! Colonel Newcome must present us to Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie; and Ethel, giving a nod to Clive, with whom she has talked for a minute or two, again puts her hand in her uncle's, and walks towards Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter.

And now let the artist, if he has succeeded in drawing Clive to his liking, cut a fresh pencil, and give us a likeness of Ethel. She is seventeen years old; rather taller than the majority of women; of a countenance somewhat grave and haughty, but on occasion brightening with humour or beaming with kindness and affection. Too quick to detect affectation or insincerity in others, too impatient of dulness or pomposity, she is more sarcastic now than she became when after years of suffering had softened her nature. Truth looks out of her bright eyes, and rises up armed, and flashes scorn or denial perhaps too readily, when she encounters flattery, or meanness, or imposture. After her first appearance in the world, if the truth must be told, this young lady was popular neither with many men, nor with most women. The innocent dancing youth who pressed round her, attracted by her beauty, were rather afraid, after a while, of engaging her. This one felt dimly that she despised him; another, that his simpering common-places (delights of how many well-bred maidens!) only occasioned Miss Newcome's laughter. Young Lord Cræsus, whom all maidens and matrons were eager to secure, was astounded to find that he was utterly indifferent to her, and that she would refuse him twice or thrice in an evening, and dance as many times with poor Tom Spring, who was his

father's ninth son, and only at home till he could get a ship and go to sea again. The young women were frightened at her sarcasm. She seemed to know what *fadaises* they whispered to their partners as they paused in the waltzes; and Fanny, who was luring Lord Cresus towards her with her blue eyes, dropped them guiltily to the floor when Ethel's turned towards her; and Cecilia sang more out of time than usual; and Clara, who was holding Freddy, and Charley, and Tommy round her enchanted by her bright conversation and witty mischief, became dumb and disturbed when Ethel passed her with her cold face; and old Lady Hookham, who was playing off her little Minnie now at young Jack Gorget of the Guards, now at the eager and simple Bob Bateson, of the Coldstreams, would slink off when Ethel made her appearance on the ground; whose presence seemed to frighten away the fish and the angler. No wonder that the other Mayfair nymphs were afraid of this severe Diana, whose looks were so cold and whose arrows were so keen.

But those who had no cause to heed Diana's shot or coldness might admire her beauty; nor could the famous Parisian marble which Clive said she resembled, be more perfect in form than this young lady. Her hair and eyebrows were jet black (these latter may have been too thick according to some physiognomists, giving rather a stern expression to the eyes, and hence causing those guilty ones to tremble who came under her lash), but her complexion was as dazzlingly fair and her cheeks as red as Miss Rosey's own, who had a right to those beauties, being a blonde by nature. In Miss Ethel's black hair there was a slight natural ripple, as when a fresh breeze blows over the *melan hudor*—a ripple such as Roman ladies nineteen hundred years ago, and our own beauties a short time since, endeavoured to imitate by art, paper, and I believe crumpling irons. Her eyes were gray; her mouth rather large; her teeth as regular and bright as Lady Kew's own; her voice low and sweet; and her smile, when it lighted up her face and eyes, as beautiful as spring sunshine; also they could lighten and flash often, and sometimes, though rarely, rain. As for her figure—but as this tall slender form is concealed in a simple white muslin robe, (of the sort which I believe is called *demie-toilette*,) in which her fair arms are enveloped; and which is confined at her slim waist by an azure ribbon, and descends to her feet—let us make a respectful bow to that fair image of Youth, Health, and Modesty, and fancy it as pretty as we will. Miss Ethel made a very stately curtsy to Mrs. Mackenzie, surveying that widow calmly; so that the elder lady looked up and fluttered; but towards Rosey she held out her hand, and smiled with the utmost kindness, and the smile was returned by the other; and the blushes with which Miss Mackenzie was always ready at this time, became her very much. As for Mrs. Mackenzie—the very largest curve that shall not be a caricature, and actually disfigure the widow's countenance—a smile so wide and steady—so exceedingly rident, indeed, as almost to be ridiculous, may be drawn

upon her buxom face, if the artist chooses to attempt it as it appeared during the whole of this summer evening—before dinner came (when people ordinarily look very grave), when she was introduced to the company: when she was made known to our friends Julia and Maria, the darling child, lovely little dears! how like their papa and mamma! when Sir Brian Newcome gave her his arm downstairs to the dining-room: when any body spoke to her: when John offered her meat, or the gentleman in the white waistcoat, wine: when she accepted or when she refused these refreshments; when Mr. Newcome told her a dreadfully stupid story: when the Colonel called cheerily from his end of the table, “My dear Mrs. Mackenzie, you don’t take any wine to-day: may I not have the honour of drinking a glass of champagne with you?” when the new boy from the country upset some sauce upon her shoulder: when Mrs. Newcome made the signal for departure; and I have no doubt in the drawing-room, when the ladies retired thither. “Mrs. Mack is perfectly awful,” Clive told me afterwards, “since that dinner in Bryanstone Square. Lady Kew and Lady Anne are never out of her mouth; she has had white muslin dresses made just like Ethel’s for herself and her daughter. She has bought a peerage, and knows the pedigree of the whole Kew family. She won’t go out in a cab now without the boy on the box; and in the plate for the cards which she has established in the drawing-room, you know, Lady Kew’s pasteboard always *will* come up to the top, though I poke it down whenever I go into the room. As for poor Lady Trotter, the Governess of St. Kitt’s, you know, and the Bishop of Tobago, they are quite bowled out: Mrs. Mack has not mentioned them for a week.”

During the dinner it seemed to me that the lovely young lady by whom I sate cast many glances towards Mrs. Mackenzie, which did not betoken particular pleasure. Miss Ethel asked me several questions regarding Clive, and also respecting Miss Mackenzie: perhaps her questions were rather downright and imperious, and she patronised me in a manner that would not have given all gentlemen pleasure. I was Clive’s friend, his schoolfellow? had seen him a great deal? know him very well—very well, indeed? Was it true that he had been very thoughtless? very wild? Who told her so? That was not her question (with a blush). It was not true, and I ought to know? He was not spoiled? He was very good-natured, generous, told the truth? He loved his profession very much, and had great talent? Indeed she was very glad. Why do they sneer at his profession? It seemed to her quite as good as her father’s and brother’s. Were artists not very dissipated? Not more so, nor often so much as other young men. Was Mr. Binnie rich, and was he going to leave all his money to his niece? How long have you known them? Is Miss Mackenzie as good-natured as she looks? Not very clever, I suppose. Mrs. Mackenzie looks very—No thank you, no more. Grandmamma (she is very deaf, and cannot hear) scolded me for reading the book you wrote; and took the book away. I got it afterwards, and read it all. I don’t think there

was any harm in it. Why do you give such bad characters of women? Don't you know any good ones? Yes, two as good as any in the world. They are unselfish: they are pious; they are always doing good; they live in the country? Why don't you put them into a book? Why don't you put my uncle into a book? He is so good, that nobody could make him good enough. Before I came out, I heard a young lady (Lady Clavering's daughter Miss Amory), sing a song of yours. I have never spoken to an author before. I saw Mr. Lyon at Lady Popinjoy's, and heard him speak. He said it was very hot, and he looked so I am sure. Who is the greatest author now alive? You will tell me when you come up stairs after dinner:—and the young lady sails away following the matrons, who rise and ascend to the drawing room. Miss Newcome has been watching the behaviour of the author, by whom she sate; curious to know what such a person's habits are; whether he speaks and acts like other people; and in what respect authors are different from persons "in society."

When we had sufficiently enjoyed claret and politics below stairs, the gentlemen went to the drawing-room to partake of coffee and the ladies' delightful conversation. We had heard previously the tinkling of the piano above, and the well-known sound of a couple of Miss Rosey's five songs. The two young ladies were engaged over an album at a side table, when the males of the party arrived. The book contained a number of Clive's drawings made in the time of his very early youth for the amusement of his little cousins. Miss Ethel seemed to be very much pleased with these performances, which Miss Mackenzie likewise examined with great good nature and satisfaction. So she did the views of Rome, Naples, Marble Hill, in the county of Sussex, &c., in the same collection: so she did the Berlin cockatoo and spaniel which Mrs. Newcome was working in idle moments: so she did the Books of Beauty, Flowers of Loveliness, and so forth. She thought the prints very sweet and pretty: she thought the poetry very pretty and sweet. Which did she like best, Mr. Niminy's "Lines to a bunch of violets," or Miss Piminy's "Stanzas to a wreath of roses?" Miss Mackenzie was quite puzzled to say which of these masterpieces she preferred; she found them alike so pretty. She appealed, as in most cases, to Mamma. "How, my darling love, can I pretend to know?" Mamma says. "I have been a soldier's wife, battling about the world. I have not had your advantages. I had no drawing masters: nor music masters as you have. You, dearest child, must instruct *me* in these things." This poses Rosey: who prefers to have her opinions dealt out to her like her frocks, bonnets, handkerchiefs, her shoes and gloves, and the order thereof; the lumps of sugar for her tea, the proper quantity of raspberry jam for breakfast; who trusts for all supplies corporeal and spiritual to her mother. For her own part, Rosey is pleased with everything in nature. Does she love music? O, yes. Bellini and Donizetti? O, yes. Dancing? They had no dancing at Grandmamma's, but she adores dancing, and Mr. Clive dances very

well, indeed. (A smile from Miss Ethel at this admission). Does she like the country? O, she is so happy in the country! London? London is delightful, and so is the sea-side. She does not know really which she likes best, London or the country, for mamma is not near her to decide, being engaged listening to Sir Brian, who is laying down the law to her, and smiling, smiling with all her might. In fact, Mr. Newcome says to Mr. Pendennis in his droll, humorous way, "That woman grins like a Cheshire cat." Who was the naturalist who first discovered that peculiarity of the cats in Cheshire?

In regard to Miss Mackenzie's opinions, then, it is not easy to discover that they are decided, or profound, or original; but it seems pretty clear that she has a good temper, and a happy contented disposition. And the smile which her pretty countenance wears shows off to great advantage the two dimples on her pink cheeks. Her teeth are even and white, her hair of a beautiful colour, and no snow can be whiter than her fair round neck and polished shoulders. She talks very kindly and good-naturedly with Julia and Maria (Mrs. Hodson's precious ones) until she is bewildered by the statements which those young ladies make regarding astronomy, botany, and chemistry, all of which they are studying. "My dears, I don't know a single word about any of these abstruse subjects, I wish I did," she says. And Ethel Newcome laughs. She too is ignorant upon all these subjects. "I am glad there is some one else," says Rosey, with naïveté, "who is as ignorant as I am." And the younger children with a solemn air say they will ask Mamma leave to teach her. So everybody, somehow, great or small, seems to protect her; and the humble, simple, gentle little thing wins a certain degree of good will from the world, which is touched by her humility and her pretty sweet looks. The servants in Fitzroy Square waited upon her much more kindly than upon her smiling bustling mother. Uncle James is especially fond of his little Rosey. Her presence in his study never discomposes him; whereas his sister fatigues him with the exceeding activity of her gratitude, and her energy in pleasing. As I was going away, I thought I heard Sir Brian Newcome say "It (but what 'it' was of course I cannot conjecture) . . it will do very well. The mother seems a superior woman."

CHAPTER XXV.

IS PASSED IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE.



HAD no more conversation with Miss Newcome that night, who had forgotten her curiosity about the habits of authors. When she had ended her talk with Miss Mackenzie, she devoted the rest of the evening to her uncle Colonel Newcome: and concluded by saying, "And now you will come and ride with me to-morrow, Uncle, won't you?" which the Colonel faithfully promised to do. And she shook hands with Clive very kindly: and with Rosey very frankly, but as I thought

with rather a patronizing air: and she made a very stately bow to Mrs. Mackenzie, and so departed with her father and mother. Lady Kew had gone away earlier. Mrs. Mackenzie informed us afterwards that the Countess had gone to sleep after her dinner. If it was at Mrs. Mack's story about the Governor's ball at Tobago, and the quarrel for precedence between the Lord Bishop's lady, Mrs. Rotchet, and the Chief Justice's wife, Lady Barwise, I should not be at all surprised.

A handsome fly carried off the ladies to Fitzroy Square, and the two worthy Indian gentlemen in their company; Clive and I walking with the usual Havannah to light us home. And Clive remarked that he supposed there had been some difference between his father and the bankers: for they had not met for ever so many months before, and the Colonel always had looked very gloomy when his brothers were mentioned. "And I can't help thinking," says the astute youth, "that they fancied I was in love with Ethel (I know the Colonel would have liked me to make up to her) and that may have occasioned the

row. Now, I suppose, they think I am engaged to Rosey. What the deuce are they in such a hurry to marry me for?"

Clive's companion remarked, "that marriage was a laudable institution: and an honest attachment an excellent conservator of youthful morals." On which Clive replied, "Why don't you marry yourself?"

This it was justly suggested was no argument, but a merely personal allusion foreign to the question, which was, that marriage was laudable, &c.

Mr. Clive laughed. "Rosey is as good a little creature as can be," he said. "She is never out of temper, though I fancy Mrs. Mackenzie tries her. I don't think she is very wise: but she is uncommonly pretty, and her beauty grows on you. As for Ethel, anything so high and mighty I have never seen, since I saw the French giantess. Going to court: and about to parties every night where a parcel of young fools flatter her, has perfectly spoiled her. By Jove, how handsome she is! How she turns with her long neck, and looks at you from under those black eye-brows! If I painted her hair, I think I should paint it almost blue, and then glaze over with lake. It is blue. And how finely her head is joined on to her shoulders!"—And he waves in the air an imaginary line with his cigar. "She would do for Judith, wouldn't she? Or how grand she would look as Herodias's daughter sweeping down a stair—in a great dress of cloth of gold like Paul Veronese—holding a charger before her with white arms you know—with the muscles accented like that glorious Diana at Paris—a savage smile on her face and a ghastly solemn gory head on the dish—I see the picture, sir, I see the picture!" and he fell to curling his mustachios—just like his brave old father.

I could not help laughing at the resemblance, and mentioning it to my friend. He broke, as was his wont, into a fond eulogium of his sire, wished he could be like him—worked himself up into another state of excitement, in which he averred, "that if his father wanted him to marry, he would marry that instant. And why not Rosey? She is a dear little thing. Or why not that splendid Miss Sherrick? What a head!—a regular Titian! I was looking at the difference of their colour at Uncle Honeyman's that day of the *dejeuner*. The shadows in Rosey's face, sir, are all pearly tinted. You ought to paint her in milk, sir!" cries the enthusiast. "Have you ever remarked the gray round her eyes, and the sort of purple bloom of her cheek? Rubens could have done the colour: but I don't somehow like to think of a young lady and that sensuous old Peter Paul in company. I look at her like a little wild flower in a field—like a little child at play, sir. Pretty little tender nursing. If I see her passing in the street, I feel as if I would like some fellow to be rude to her, that I might have the pleasure of knocking him down. She is like a little song bird, sir,—a tremulous, fluttering little linnet that you would take into your hand, *pavidam quarentem matrem*, and smoothe its little plumes, and let it perch on your finger and sing. The Sherrick

creates quite a different sentiment—the Sherrick is splendid, stately, sleepy, . . .”

“Stupid,” hints Clive’s companion.

“Stupid! Why not? Some women ought to be stupid. What you call dulness I call repose. Give me a calm woman, a slow woman, —a lazy, majestic woman, Show me a gracious virgin bearing a lily: not a leering giggler frisking a rattle. A lively woman would be the death of me. Look at Mrs. Mack, perpetually nodding, winking, grinning, throwing out signals which you are to be at the trouble to answer! I thought her delightful for three days, I declare I was in love with her—that is, as much as I can be after—but never mind that, I feel I shall never be really in love again. Why shouldn’t the Sherrick be stupid, I say? About great beauty there should always reign a silence. As you look at the great stars, the great ocean, any great scene of nature: you hush, sir. You laugh at a pantomime, but you are still in a temple. When I saw the great Venus of the Louvre, I thought wert thou alive, O goddess, thou should’st never open those lovely lips but to speak lowly, slowly: thou should’st never descend from that pedestal but to walk stately to some near couch, and assume another attitude of beautiful calm. To be beautiful is enough. If a woman can do that well: who shall demand more from her? You don’t want a rose to sing. And I think wit is out of place where there’s great beauty; as I wouldn’t have a Queen to cut jokes on her throne. I say, Pendennis,”—here broke off the enthusiastic youth,—“have you got another cigar? Shall we go in to Finch’s, and have a game at billiards? Just one—it’s quite early yet. Or shall we go in to the Haunt? It’s Wednesday night you know, when all the boys go.” We tap at a door in an old, old street in Soho: an old maid with a kind, comical face opens the door, and nods friendly, and says, “How do, sir, aint seen you this ever so long. How do, Mr. Noocom.” “Who’s here?” “Most everybody’s here.” We pass by a little snug bar, in which a trim elderly lady is seated by a great fire, on which boils an enormous kettle; while two gentlemen are attacking a cold saddle of mutton and West India pickles: hard by Mrs. Nokes, the landlady’s elbow—with mutual bows—we recognize Hickson, the sculptor, and Morgan, intrepid Irish chieftain, chief of the reporters of the Morning Press newspaper. We pass through a passage into a back room, and are received with a roar of welcome from a crowd of men, almost invisible in the smoke.

“I am right glad to see thee, boy!” cries a cheery voice (that will never troll a chorus more). “We spake anon of thy misfortune, gentle youth! and that thy warriors of Assaye have charged the Academy in vain.—Mayhap thou frightenedst the courtly school with barbarous visages of grisly war. Pendennis, thou dost wear a thirsty look! Resplendent swell! untwine thy choker white, and I will either stand a glass of grog: or thou shalt pay the like for me, my lad, and tell us of the fashionable world.” Thus spake the brave old Tom Sarjent,—

also one of the Press, one of the old boys: a good old scholar with a good old library of books, who had taken his seat anytime these forty years by the chimney fire in this old Haunt: where painters, sculptors, men of letters, actors, used to congregate, passing pleasant hours in rough kindly communion, and many a day seeing the sunrise lighting the rosy street ere they parted, and Betsy put the useless lamp out, and closed the hospitable gates of the Haunt.

The time is not very long since: though to-day is so changed. As we think of it: the kind familiar faces rise up, and we hear the pleasant voices and singing. There are they met, the honest hearty companions. In the days when the Haunt *was* a haunt, stage coaches were not yet quite over. Casinos were not invented: clubs were rather rare luxuries: there were sanded floors, triangular sawdust-boxes, pipes, and tavern parlours. Young Smith and Brown, from the Temple, did not go from chambers to dine at the Polyanthus, or the Megatherium, off potage à la Bisque, turbot au gratin, cotelettes à la Whatdyoucallem, and a pint of St. Emilion: but ordered their beef-steak and pint of port from the "plump head-waiter at the Cock:" did not disdain the pit of the theatre; and for a supper a homely refectation at the tavern. How delightful are the suppers in Charles Lamb to read of even now!—the cards—the punch—the candles to be snuffed—the social oysters—the modest cheer! Whoever snuffs a candle now? What man has a domestic supper whose dinner-hour is eight o'clock? Those little meetings, in the memory of many of us yet, are gone quite away into the past. Five and twenty years ago is a hundred years off—so much has our social life changed in those five lustres. James Boswell himself, were he to revisit London, would scarce venture to enter a tavern. He would find scarce a respectable companion to enter its doors with him. It is an institution as extinct as a hackney-coach. Many a grown man who peruses this historic page, has never seen such a vehicle, and only heard of rum-punch as a drink which his ancestors used to tipple.

Cheery old Tom Sarjent is surrounded at the Haunt by a dozen of kind boon companions. They toil all day at their avocations of art, or letters, or law, and here meet for a harmless night's recreation and converse. They talk of literature, or politics, or pictures, or plays, socially banter one another over their cheap cups: sing brave old songs sometimes when they are especially jolly; kindly ballads in praise of love and wine; famous maritime ditties in honour of old England. I fancy I hear Jack Brent's noble voice rolling out the sad generous *refrain* of "The Deserter," "Then for that reason and for a season we will be merry before we go," or Michael Percy's clear tenor carolling the Irish chorus of "What's that to any one, whether or no," or Mark Wilder shouting his bottle song of "Garryowen na gloria." These songs were regarded with affection by the brave old frequenters of the Haunt. A gentleman's property in a song was considered sacred. It was respectfully asked for: it was heard with the more pleasure for being old. Honest Tom Sarjent! how the times have changed since

we saw thee! I believe the présent chief of the reporters of the — newspaper (which responsible office Tom filled) goes to parliament in his brougham, and dines with the ministers of the crown.

Around Tom are seated grave Royal Academicians, rising gay Associates; writers of other Journals besides the *Pall Mall Gazette*; a barrister maybe, whose name will be famous some day: a hewer of marble perhaps; a surgeon whose patients have not come yet, and one or two men about town who like this queer assembly better than haunts much more splendid. Captain Shandon has been here and his jokes are preserved in the tradition of the place. Owlet, the philosopher, came once and tried, as his wont is, to lecture, but his metaphysics were beaten down by a storm of banter. Slatter, who gave himself such airs because he wrote in the — Review, tried to air himself at the Haunt but was choked by the smoke, and silenced by the unanimous poohpoohing of the assembly. Dick Walker, who rebelled secretly at Sarjent's authority, once thought to give himself consequence by bringing a young lord from the Blue Posts, but he was so unmercifully "chaffed" by Tom, that even the young lord laughed at him. His lordship has been heard to say he had been taken to a monsus queeah place, queeah set of folks, in a tap somewhere, though he went away quite delighted with Tom's affability, but he never came again. He could not find the place probably. You might pass the Haunt in the daytime and not know it in the least. "I believe," said Charley Ormond, (A. R. A. he was then) "I believe in the day there's no such place at all: and when Betsy turns the gas off at the door lamp as we go away the whole thing vanishes, the door, the house, the bar, the Haunt, Betsy, the beer-boy, Mrs. Nokes and all." It has vanished: it is to be found no more: neither by night nor by day—unless the ghosts of good fellows still haunt it.

As the genial talk and glass go round, and after Clive and his friend have modestly answered the various queries put to them by good old Tom Sarjent, the acknowledged Præses of the assembly and Sachem of this venerable wigwam; the door opens and another well known figure is recognised with shouts as it emerges through the smoke. "Bayham all hail!" says Tom. "Frederick I am right glad to see thee!"

Bayham says he is disturbed in spirit, and calls for a pint of beer to console him.

"Hast thou flown far thou restless bird of night?" asks Father Tom, who loves speaking in blank verses.

"I have come from Cursitor Street," says Bayham in a low groan. "I have just been to see a poor devil in quod there. Is that you Pendennis? You know the man—Charles Honeyman."

"What!" cries Clive starting up.

"O my prophetic soul, my uncle!" growls Bayham. "I did not see the young one: but 'tis true."

The reader is aware that more than the three years have elapsed, of which time the preceding pages contain the harmless chronicle; and

while Thomas Newcome's leave has been running out and Clive's mustachios growing, the fate of other persons connected with our story has also had its development, and their fortune has experienced its natural progress, its increase or decay. Our tale, such as it has hitherto been arranged, has passed in leisurely scenes wherein the present tense is perforce adopted; the writer acting as chorus to the drama, and occasionally explaining by hints or more open statements, what has occurred during the intervals of the acts; and how it happens that the performers are in such or such a posture. In the modern theatre, as the play-going critic knows, the explanatory personage is usually of quite a third-rate order. He is the two walking gentlemen friends of Sir Harry Courtly, who welcome the young baronet to London, and discourse about the niggardliness of Harry's old uncle, the Nabob; and the depth of Courtly's passion for Lady Annabel the *première amoureuse*. He is the confidant in white linen to the heroine in white satin. He is, "Tom, you rascal," the valet or tiger, more or less impudent and acute—that well-known menial in top-boots and a livery frock with red cuffs and collar, whom Sir Harry always retains in his service, addresses with scurrilous familiarity and pays so irregularly: or he is Lucetta, Lady Annabel's waiting maid, who carries the *billets-doux* and peeps into them; knows all about the family affairs; pops the lover under the sofa; and sings a comic song between the scenes. Our business now is to enter into Charles Honeyman's privacy, to peer into the secrets of that reverend gentleman, and to tell what has happened to him during the past months, in which he has made fitful though graceful appearances on our scene.

While his nephew's whiskers have been budding, and his brother-in-law has been spending his money and leave, Mr. Honeyman's hopes have been withering, his sermons growing stale, his once blooming popularity drooping and running to seed. Many causes have contributed to bring him to his present melancholy strait. When you go to Lady Whittlesea's chapel now, it is by no means crowded. Gaps are in the pews: there is not the least difficulty in getting a snug place near the pulpit, whence the preacher can look over his pocket handkerchief and see Lord Dosely no more: his lordship has long gone to sleep elsewhere; and a host of the fashionable faithful have migrated too. The incumbent can no more cast his fine eyes upon the French bonnets of the female aristocracy and see some of the loveliest faces in Mayfair regarding him with expressions of admiration. Actual dowdy tradesmen of the neighbourhood are seated with their families in the aisles: Ridley and his wife and son have one of the very best seats. To be sure Ridley looks like a nobleman with his large waistcoat, bald head, and gilt book: J. J. has a fine head, but Mrs. Ridley! cook and housekeeper is written on her round face. The music is by no means of its former good quality. That rebellious and ill-conditioned basso Bellew has seceded, and seduced the four best singing boys, who now perform glees at the Cave of Harmony. Honeyman has a right to speak of persecution and to

compare himself to a hermit in so far that he preaches in a desert. Once, like another hermit, St. Hierome, he used to be visited by lions. None such come to him now. Such lions as frequent the clergy are gone off to lick the feet of other ecclesiastics. They are weary of poor Honeyman's old sermons.

Rivals have sprung up in the course of these three years—have sprung up round about Honeyman and carried his flock into their folds. We know how such simple animals will leap one after another and that it is the sheepish way. Perhaps a new pastor has come to the church of St. Jacob's hard by—bold, resolute, bright, clear, a scholar and no pedant: his manly voice is thrilling in their ears, he speaks of life and conduct, of practice as well as faith; and crowds of the most polite and most intelligent, and best informed, and best dressed, and most selfish people in the world come and hear him twice at least. There are so many well informed and well dressed &c. &c. people in the world that the succession of them keeps St. Jacob's full for a year or more. Then, it may be, a bawling quack, who has neither knowledge, nor scholarship, nor charity, but who frightens the public with denunciations and rouses them with the energy of his wrath, succeeds in bringing them together for a while till they tire of his din and curses. Meanwhile the good quiet old churches round about ring their accustomed bell: open their sabbath gates: receive their tranquil congregations and sober priest, who has been busy all the week, at schools and sick beds with watchful teaching, gentle counsel and silent alms.

Though we saw Honeyman but seldom, for his company was not altogether amusing, and his affectation when one became acquainted with it very tiresome to witness, Fred Bayham, from his garret at Mrs. Ridley's, kept constant watch over the curate, and told us of his proceedings from time to time. When we heard the melancholy news first announced, of course the intelligence damped the gaiety of Clive and his companion; and F. B., who conducted all the affairs of life with great gravity, telling Tom Sargent that he had news of importance for our private ear, Tom with still more gravity than F. B.'s said, "Go my children, you had best discuss this topic in a separate room apart from the din and fun of a convivial assembly;" and ringing the bell he bade Betsy bring him another glass of rum and water, and one for Mr. Desborough to be charged to him.

We adjourned to another parlour then, where gas was lighted up: and F. B. over a pint of beer narrated poor Honeyman's mishap. "Saving your presence, Clive," said Bayham, "and with every regard for the youthful bloom of your young heart's affections, your uncle Charles Honeyman, Sir, is a bad lot. I have known him these twenty years, when I was at his father's as a private tutor. Old Miss Honeyman is one of those cards which we call trumps—so was old Honeyman a trump; but Charles and his sister——"

I stamped on F. B.'s foot under the table. He seemed to have forgotten that he was about to speak of Clive's mother.

"Hem! of your poor mother, I—hem—I may say *vidi tantum*. I scarcely knew her. She married very young: as I was when she left Borhambury. But Charles exhibited his character at a very early age—and it was not a charming one—no, by no means a model of virtue. He always had a genius for running into debt. He borrowed from every one of the pupils—I don't know how he spent it except in hardbake and alycompaine—and even from old Nosey's groom, pardon me, we used to call your grandfather by that playful epithet (boys will be boys, you know), even from the doctor's groom he took money, and I recollect thrashing Charles Honeyman for that disgraceful action.

"At college, without any particular show, he was always in debt and difficulties. Take warning by him, dear youth! By him and by me, if you like. See me—me, F. Bayham, descended from the ancient kings that long the Tuscan sceptre swayed, dodge down a street to get out of sight of a boot shop, and my colossal frame tremble if a chap puts his hand on my shoulder, as you did, Pendennis, the other day in the Strand, when I thought a straw might have knocked me down! I have had my errors, Clive. I know 'em. I'll take another pint of beer, if you please. Betsy, has Mrs. Nokes any cold meat in the bar? and an accustomed pickle? Ha! Give her my compliments, and say F. B. is hungry. I resume my tale. Faults F. B. has, and knows it. Humbug he may have been sometimes; but I'm not such a complete humbug as Honeyman."

Clive did not know how to look at this character of his relative, but Clive's companion burst into a fit of laughter, at which F. B. nodded gravely, and resumed his narrative. "I don't know how much money he has had from your governor, but this I can say, the half of it would make F. B. a happy man. I don't know out of how much the reverend party has nobbled his poor old sister at Brighton. He has mortgaged his chapel to Sherrick, I suppose you know, who is master of it, and could turn him out any day. I don't think Sherrick is a bad fellow. I think he's a good fellow; I have known him do many a good turn to a chap in misfortune. He wants to get into society: what more natural? That was why you were asked to meet him the other day—and why he asked you to dinner. I hope you had a good one. I wish he'd ask me.

"Then Moss has got his bills, and Moss's brother-in-law in Cursitor-street has taken possession of his revered person. He's very welcome. One Jew has the chapel, another Hebrew has the clergyman. It's singular, ain't it?—Sherrick might turn Lady Whittlesea into a synagogue and have the Chief Rabbi into the pulpit, where my uncle the Bishop has given out the text.

"The shares of that concern ain't at a premium. I have had immense fun with Sherrick about it. I like the Hebrew, Sir. He maddens with rage when F. B. goes and asks him whether any more pews are let over-head. Honeyman begged and borrowed in order to buy out the last man. I remember when the speculation was famous,

when all the boxes (I mean the pews) were taken for the season, and you couldn't get a place, come ever so early. Then Honeyman was spoilt, and gave his sermons over and over again. People got sick of seeing the old humbug cry, the old crocodile! Then we tried the musical dodge. F. B. came forward, Sir, there. That *was* a coup: I did it, Sir. Bellew would'nt have sung for any man but me—and for two-and-twenty months I kept him as sober as Father Matthew. Then Honeyman didn't pay him: there was a row in the sacred building, and Bellew retired. Then Sherrick must meddle in it. And having heard a chap out Hampstead way who Sherrick thought would do, Honeyman was forced to engage him, regardless of expense. You recollect the fellow, Sir. The Reverend Simeon Rawkins, the lowest of the low church, Sir, a red-haired dumpy man, who gasped at his h's and spoke with a Lancashire twang—he'd no more do for Mayfair than Grimaldi for Macbeth. He and Honeyman used to fight like cat and dog in the vestry: and he drove away a third part of the congregation. He was an honest man and an able man too, though not a sound churchman (F. B. said this with a very edifying gravity): I told Sherrick this the very day I heard him. And if he had spoken to me on the subject I might have saved him a pretty penny—a precious deal more than the paltry sum which he and I had a quarrel about at that time—a matter of business, Sir—a pecuniary difference about a small three-months' thing which caused a temporary estrangement between us. As for Honeyman, he used to cry about it. Your uncle is great in the lachrymatory line, Clive Newcome. He used to go with tears in his eyes to Sherrick, and implore him not to have Rawkins, but he would. And I must say for poor Charles that the failure of Lady Whittlesea's has not been altogether Charles's fault; and that Sherrick has kicked down that property.

“Well then Sir, poor Charles thought to make it all right by marrying Mrs. Brumby;—and she was very fond of him and the thing was all but done, in spite of her sons who were in a rage as you may fancy. But Charley, Sir, has such a propensity for humbug that he will tell lies when there is no earthly good in lying. He represented his chapel at twelve hundred a year, his private means as so and so; and when he came to book up with Briggs, the lawyer, Mrs. Brumby's brother, it was found that he lied and prevaricated so that the widow in actual disgust would have nothing more to do with him. She was a good woman of business and managed the hat shop for nine years whilst poor Brumby was at Doctor Tokely's. A first-rate shop it was too. I introduced Charles to it. My uncle, the bishop, had his shovels there: and they used for a considerable period to cover *this* humble roof with tiles,” said F. B., tapping his capacious forehead; “I am sure he might have had Brumby,” he added in his melancholy tones, “but for those unluckily lies. She didn't want money. She had plenty. She longed to get into society and was bent on marrying a gentleman.

“But what I can't pardon in Honeyman is the way in which he has

done poor old Ridley and his wife. I took him there you know, thinking they would send their bills in once a month: that he was doing a good business: in fact that I had put 'em into a good thing. And the fellow has told me a score of times, that he and the Ridleys were all right. But he has not only not paid his lodgings, but he has had money of them: he has given dinners: he has made Ridley pay for wine. He has kept paying lodgers out of the house and he tells me all this with a burst of tears, when he sent for me to Lazarus's to-night, and I went to him Sir because he was in distress—went into the lion's den, Sir!" says F. B., looking round nobly. "I don't know how much he owes them: because of course you know the sum he mentions aint the right one. He never *does* tell the truth—does Charles. But think of the pluck of those good Ridleys never saying a single word to F. B. about the debt! 'We are poor, but we have saved some money and can lie out of it. And we think Mr. Honeyman will pay us,' says Mrs. Ridley to me this very evening. And she thrilled my heart-strings, Sir; and I took her in my arms, and kissed the old woman," says Bayham, "and I rather astonished little Miss Cann and young J. J. who came in with a picture under his arm. But she said she had kissed Master Frederick long before J. J. was born—and so she had: that good and faithful servant—and my emotion in embracing her, was manly, Sir, manly."

Here old Betsy came in to say that the supper was a waitin' for Mr. Bayham and it was a gettin' very late: and we left F. B. to his meal and bidding adieu to Mrs. Nokes, Clive and I went each to our habitation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH COLONEL NEWCOME'S HORSES ARE SOLD.



T an hour early the next morning I was not surprised to see Colonel Newcome at my chambers, to whom Clive had communicated Bayham's important news of the night before. The Colonel's object, as any one who knew him need scarcely be told, was to rescue his brother-in-law; and being ignorant of lawyers, sheriffs' officers, and their proceedings, he bethought him that he would apply to Lamb Court for information, and in so far showed some prudence, for at least I knew more of the world and its ways than my simple client, and was enabled to make better terms for the unfortunate prisoner, or rather for Colonel

Newcome who was the real sufferer, than Honeyman's creditors might otherwise have been disposed to give.

I thought it would be more prudent that our good Samaritan should not see the victim of rogues whom he was about to succour; and left him to entertain himself with Mr. Warrington in Lamb Court, while I sped to the lock-up-house, where the May Fair pet was confined. A sickly smile played over his countenance as he beheld me when I was ushered to his private room. The reverend gentleman was not shaved; he had partaken of breakfast. I saw a glass which had once contained brandy on the dirty tray whereon his meal was placed: a greasy novel from a Chancery Lane library lay on the table: but he was at present occupied in writing one or more of those great long letters, those laborious, ornate, eloquent statements, those documents so profusely underlined, in which the *machinations of villains* are laid bare with italic fervour; the coldness, to use no *harsher* phrase, of

friends on whom reliance *might have been placed*; the outrageous conduct of Solomons; the astonishing failure of Smith to pay a sum of money on which he had counted as *on the Bank of England*; finally, the *infallible certainty* of repaying (with what heartfelt thanks need not be said) the loan of so many pounds *next Saturday week at farthest*. All this, which some readers in the course of their experience have read no doubt in many handwritings, was duly set forth by poor Honeyman. There was a wafer in a wine-glass on the table, and the bearer no doubt below to carry the missive. They always send these letters by a messenger, who is introduced in the postscript; he is always sitting in the hall when you get the letter, and is "a young man waiting for an answer, please."

No one can suppose that Honeyman laid a complete statement of his affairs before the negociator, who was charged to look into them. No creditor does confess all his debts, but breaks them gradually to his man of business, factor or benefactor, leading him on from surprise to surprise; and when he is in possession of the tailor's little account, introducing him to the bootmaker. Honeyman's schedule I felt perfectly certain was not correct. The detainers against him were trifling. "Moss of Wardour Street, one hundred and twenty—I believe I have paid him thousands in this very transaction," ejaculates Honeyman. "A heartless West End tradesman hearing of my misfortune—these people are all linked together, my dear Pendennis, and rush like vultures upon their prey! Waddilove, the tailor, has another writ out for ninety-eight pounds—a man whom I have made by my recommendations! Tobbins, the bootmaker, his neighbour in Jermyn Street, forty-one pounds more, and that is all—I give you my word, all. In a few months, when my pew-rents will be coming in, I should have settled with those cormorants; otherwise, my total and irretrievable ruin, and the disgrace and humiliation of a prison attends me. I know it; I can bear it; I have been wretchedly weak, Pendennis: I can say *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*, and I can—bear—my—penalty." In his finest moments he was never more pathetic. He turned his head away, and concealed it in a handkerchief not so white as those which veiled his emotions at Lady Whittlesea's.

How by degrees this slippery penitent was induced to make other confessions; how we got an idea of Mrs. Ridley's account from him, of his dealings with Mr. Sherrick, need not be mentioned here. The conclusion to which Colonel Newcome's ambassador came was, that to help such a man would be quite useless; and that the Fleet Prison would be a most wholesome retreat for this most reckless divine. Ere the day was out Messrs. Waddilove and Tobbins had conferred with their neighbour in St. James's, Mr. Brace; and there came a detainer from that haberdasher for gloves, cravats, and pocket-handkerchiefs, that might have done credit to the most dandified young Guardsman. Mr. Warrington was on Mr. Pendennis's side, and urged that the law should take its course. "Why help a man," said he, "who will not help

himself? Let the law sponge out the fellow's debts; set him going again with twenty pounds when he quits the prison, and get him a chaplaincy in the Isle of Man."



I saw by the Colonel's grave kind face that these hard opinions did not suit him. At all events, Sir, promise us, we said, that you will pay nothing yourself—that *you* won't see Honeyman's creditors, and let people, who know the world better, deal with him. "Know the world, young man!" cries Newcome; "I should think if I don't know the world at my age, I never shall." And if he had lived to be as old as Jahaleel a boy could still have cheated him.

"I do not scruple to tell you," he said, after a pause, during which a plenty of smoke was delivered from the council of three, "that I have—a fund—which I had set aside for mere purposes of pleasure, I give you my word, and a part of which I shall think it my duty to devote to poor Honeyman's distresses. The fund is not large. The money was intended in fact:—however, there it is. If Pendennis will go round to these tradesmen, and make some composition with them, as their prices have been no doubt enormously exaggerated, I see no harm. Besides the tradesfolk there is good Mrs. Ridley and Mr. Sherrick—we must see them; and, if we can, set this luckless Charles again on his legs. We have read of other prodigals who were kindly treated; and we may have debts of our own to forgive, boys."

Into Mr. Sherrick's account we had no need to enter. That

gentleman had acted with perfect fairness by Honeyman. He laughingly said to us, "You don't imagine I would lend that chap a shilling without security? I will give him fifty or a hundred. Here's one of his notes, with what-do-you-call-'em's—that rum fellow Bayham's—name as drawer. A nice pair, aint they? Pooh! I shall never touch 'em. I lent some money on the shop overhead," says Sherrick, pointing to the ceiling (we were in his counting-house in the cellar of Lady Whittlesea's chapel), "because I thought it was a good speculation. And so it was at first. The people liked Honeyman. All the nobs came to hear him. Now the speculation aint so good. He's used up. A chap can't be expected to last for ever. When I first engaged Mademoiselle Bravura at my theatre, you couldn't get a place for three weeks together. The next year she didn't draw twenty pounds a week. So it was with Pottle, and the regular drama humbug. At first it was all very well. Good business, good houses, our immortal bard, and that sort of game. They engaged the tigers and the French riding people over the way; and there was Pottle bellowing away in my place to the orchestra and the orders. It's all a speculation. I've speculated in about pretty much everything that's going: in theatres, in joint-stock jobs, in building ground, in bills, in gas and insurance companies, and in this chapel. Poor old Honeyman! I won't hurt him. About that other chap I put in to do the first business—that red-haired chap, Rawkins—I think I was wrong. I think he injured the property. But I don't know everything, you know. I wasn't bred to know about parsons—quite the reverse. I thought, when I heard Rawkins at Hampstead, he was just the thing. I used to go about, sir, just as I did to the provinces, when I had the theatre—Camberwell, Islington, Kennington, Clapton, all about, and hear the young chaps. Have a glass of sherry; and here's better luck to Honeyman. As for that Colonel, he's a trump, Sir! I never see such a man. I have to deal with such a precious lot of rogues: in the city and out of it, among the swells and all you know, that to see such a fellow refreshes me; and I'd do anything for him. You've made a good thing of that *Pall Mall Gazette*! I tried papers too; but mine didn't do. I don't know why. I tried a Tory one, moderate Liberal, and out-and-out uncompromising Radical. I say, what d'ye think of a religious paper, the *Catechism*, or some such name? Would Honeyman do as editor? I'm afraid it's all up with the poor cove at the chapel." And I parted with Mr. Sherrick, not a little edified by his talk, and greatly relieved as to Honeyman's fate. The tradesmen of Honeyman's body were appeased; and as for Mr. Moss, when he found that the curate had no effects, and must go before the Insolvent Court, unless Moss chose to take the composition, which we were empowered to offer him; he too was brought to hear reason, and parted with the stamped paper on which was poor Honeyman's signature. Our negotiation had like to have come to an end by Clive's untimely indignation, who offered at one stage of the proceedings to pitch young Moss out of window; but nothing came

of this most ungentlebadlike beayviour on Noocob's part, further than remonstrance and delay in the proceedings; and Honeyman preached a lovely sermon at Lady Whittlesea's the very next Sunday. He had made himself much liked in the sponging-house, and Mr. Lazarus said, "If he hadn't a got out time enough, I'd a let him out for Sunday, and sent one of my men with him to show him the way ome, you know; for when a gentleman behaves as a gentleman to me, I behave as a gentleman to him."

Mrs. Ridley's account, and it was a long one, was paid without a single question, or the deduction of a farthing; but the Colonel rather sickened of Honeyman's expressions of rapturous gratitude, and received his professions of mingled contrition and delight very coolly. "My boy," says the father to Clive, "you see to what straits debt brings a man, to tamper with truth, to have to cheat the poor. Think of flying before a washerwoman, or humbling yourself to a tailor, or eating a poor man's children's bread!" Clive blushed, I thought, and looked rather confused.

"O, father," says he, "I—I'm afraid I owe some money too—not much; but about forty pound, five-and-twenty for cigars, and fifteen I borrowed of Pendennis, and—and—I've been devilish annoyed about it all this time."

"You stupid boy," says the father, "I knew about the cigars bill, and paid it last week. Anything I have is yours you know. As long as there is a guinea, there is half for you. See that every shilling we owe is paid before—before a week is over. And go down and ask Binnie if I can see him in his study. I want to have some conversation with him." When Clive was gone away, he said to me in a very sweet voice, "In God's name, keep my boy out of debt when I am gone, Arthur. I shall return to India very soon."

"Very soon, Sir! You have another year's leave," said I.

"Yes, but no allowances you know; and this affair of Honeyman's has pretty nearly emptied the little purse I had set aside for European expenses. They have been very much heavier than I expected. As it is, I overdrew my account at my brother's, and have been obliged to draw money from my agents in Calcutta. A year sooner or later (unless two of our senior officers had died, when I should have got my promotion and full colonel's pay with it, and proposed to remain in this country)—a year sooner or later, what does it matter? Clive will go away and work at his art, and see the great schools of painting while I am absent. I thought at one time how pleasant it would be to accompany him. But *l'homme propose*, Pendennis. I fancy now a lad is not the better for being always tied to his parent's apron-string. You young fellows are too clever for me. I haven't learned your ideas or read your books. I feel myself very often an old damper in your company. I will go back, Sir, where I have some friends, and where I am somebody still. I know an honest face or two, white and brown, that will lighten up in the old regiment

when they see Tom Newcome again. God bless you, Arthur. You young fellows in this country have such cold ways that we old ones hardly know how to like you at first. James Binnie and I, when we first came home, used to talk you over, and think you laughed at us. But you didn't, I know. God Almighty bless you, and send you a good wife, and make a good man of you. I have bought a watch, which I would like you to wear in remembrance of me and my boy, to whom you were so kind when you were boys together in the old Grey Friars." I took his hand, and uttered some incoherent words of affection and respect. Did not Thomas Newcome merit both from all who knew him?

His resolution being taken, our good Colonel began to make silent but effectual preparations for his coming departure. He was pleased during these last days of his stay to give me even more of his confidence than I had previously enjoyed, and was kind enough to say that he regarded me almost as a son of his own, and hoped I would act as elder brother and guardian to Clive. Ah! who is to guard the guardian? The younger brother had many nobler qualities than belonged to the elder. The world had not hardened Clive, nor even succeeded in spoiling him. I perceive I am diverging from his history into that of another person, and will return to the subject proper of the book.

Colonel Newcome expressed himself as being particularly touched and pleased with his friend Binnie's conduct, now that the Colonel's departure was determined. "James is one of the most generous of men, Pendennis, and I am proud to be put under an obligation to him, and to tell it too. I hired this house, as you are aware, of our speculative friend Mr. Sherrick, and am answerable for the payment of the rent till the expiry of the lease. James has taken the matter off my hands entirely. The place is greatly too large for him, but he says that he likes it, and intends to stay, and that his sister and niece shall be his housekeepers. Clive (here, perhaps, the speaker's voice drops a little) Clive will be the son of the house still, honest James says, and God bless him. James is richer than I thought by near a lakh of rupees—and here is a hint for you, Master Arthur. Mr. Binnie has declared to me in confidence that if his niece, Miss Rosey, shall marry a person of whom he approves, he will leave her a considerable part of his fortune."

The Colonel's confidant here said that his own arrangements were made in another quarter, to which statement the Colonel replied knowingly, "I thought so. A little bird has whispered to me the name of a certain Miss A. I knew her grandfather, an accommodating old gentleman, and I borrowed some money from him when I was a subaltern at Calcutta, I tell you in strict confidence, my dear young friend, that I hope and trust a certain young gentleman of your acquaintance may be induced to think how good and pretty and sweet-tempered a girl Miss Mackenzie is, and that she may be brought to like him. If you young men would marry in good time

good and virtuous women—as I am sure—ahem!—Miss Amory is—half the temptations of your youth would be avoided. You would neither be dissolute, as many of you seem to me, or cold and selfish, which are worse vices still. And my prayer is, that my Clive may cast anchor early out of the reach of temptation, and mate with some such kind girl as Binnie's niece. When I first came home I formed other plans for him which could not be brought to a successful issue; and knowing his ardent disposition, and having kept an eye on the young rogue's conduct, I tremble lest some mischance with a woman should befall him, and long to have him out of danger."

So the kind scheme of the two elders was, that their young ones should marry and be happy ever after, like the Prince and Princess of the Fairy-Tale: and dear Mrs. Mackenzie, (have I said that at the commencement of her visit to her brother she made almost open love to the Colonel?) dear Mrs. Mack was content to forego her own chances so that her darling Rosey might be happy. We used to laugh and say, that as soon as Clive's father was gone, Josey would be sent for to join Rosey. But little Josey being under her grandmother's sole influence took a most gratifying and serious turn; wrote letters, in which she questioned the morality of operas, Towers of London, and wax-works; and, before a year was out, married Elder Bogie, of Mr. Mc'Craw's church.

Presently was to be read in the "Morning Post" an advertisement of the sale of three horses (the description and pedigree following), "the property of an officer returning to India. Apply to the groom, at the stables, 150, Fitzroy Square."

The Court of Directors invited Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome to an entertainment given to Major-General Sir Ralph Spurrier, K.C.B., appointed Commander-in-Chief at Madras. Clive was asked to this dinner too, "and the governor's health was drunk, Sir," Clive said, "after dinner, and the dear old fellow made such a good speech, in returning thanks!"

He, Clive and I made a pilgrimage to Grey Friars, and had the Green to ourselves, it being the Bartlemytide vacation, and the boys all away. One of the good old Poor Brothers whom we both recollected accompanied us round the place; and we sate for a while in Captain Scarsdale's little room (he had been a peninsular officer, who had sold out, and was fain in his old age to retire into this calm retreat). And we talked, as old schoolmates and lovers talk, about subjects interesting to schoolmates and lovers only.

One by one the Colonel took leave of his friends, young and old; ran down to Newcome, and gave Mrs. Mason a parting benediction; slept a night at Tom Smith's, and passed a day with Jack Brown; went to all the boys' and girls' schools where his little protégés were, so as to be able to take the very last and most authentic account of the young folks to their parents in India; spent a week at Marble Hill, and shot partridges there, but for which entertainment, Clive said, the place

would have been intolerable ; and thence proceeded to Brighton to pass a little time with good Miss Honeyman. As for Sir Brian's family, when parliament broke up of course they did not stay in town. Barnes, of course, had part of a moor in Scotland, whither his uncle and cousin did not follow him. The rest went abroad. Sir Brian wanted the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle ; the brothers parted very good friends ; Lady Anne, and all the young people, heartily wished him farewell. I believe Sir Brian even accompanied the Colonel down stairs from the drawing-room, in Park Lane, and actually came out and saw his brother into his cab (just as he would accompany old Lady Bagges when she came to look at her account at the bank, from the parlour to her carriage). But as for Ethel *she* was not going to be put off with this sort of parting : and the next morning a cab dashed up to Fitzroy Square, and a veiled lady came out thence, and was closeted with Colonel Newcome for five minutes, and when he led her back to the carriage there were tears in his eyes.

Mrs. Mackenzie joked about the transaction (having watched it from the dining-room windows), and asked the Colonel who his sweetheart was ? Newcome replied very sternly, that he hoped no one would ever speak lightly of that young lady, whom he loved as his own daughter ; and I thought Rosey looked vexed at the praises thus bestowed. This was the day before we all went down to Brighton. Miss Honeyman's lodgings were taken for Mr. Binnie and his ladies. Clive and her dearest Colonel had apartments next door. Charles Honeyman came down and preached one of his very best sermons. Fred Bayham was there, and looked particularly grand and noble on the pier and the cliff. I am inclined to think he had had some explanation with Thomas Newcome, which had placed F. B. in a state of at least temporary prosperity. Whom did he not benefit whom he knew, and what eye that saw him did not bless him ? F. B. was greatly affected at Charles's sermon, of which our party of course could see the allusions. Tears actually rolled down his brown cheeks ; for Fred was a man very easily moved, and as it were a softened sinner. Little Rosey and her mother sobbed audibly, greatly to the surprise of stout old Miss Honeyman, who had no idea of such watery exhibitions, and to the discomfiture of poor Newcome, who was annoyed to have his praises even hinted in that sacred edifice. Good Mr. James Binnie came for once to church ; and, however variously their feelings might be exhibited or repressed, I think there was not one of the little circle there assembled who did not bring to the place a humble prayer and a gentle heart. It was the last sabbath-bell our dear friend was to hear for many a day on his native shore. The great sea washed the beach as we came out, blue with the reflection of the skies, and its innumerable waves crested with sunshine. I see the good man and his boy yet clinging to him, as they pace together by the shore.

The Colonel was very much pleased by a visit from Mr. Ridley, and the communication which he made (My Lord Todmorden has a mansion

and park in Sussex, whence Mr. Ridley came to pay his duty to Colonel Newcome). He said he "never could forget the kindness with which the Colonel have a treated him. His lordship have taken a young man, which Mr. Ridley had brought him up under his own eye, and can answer for him, Mr. R. says, with impunity; and which he is to be his lordship's own man for the future. And his lordship have appointed me his steward, and having, as he always hev been, been most liberal in point of sellary. And me and Mrs. Ridley was thinking, sir, most respectfully, with regard to our son, Mr. John James Ridley—as good and honest a young man, which I am proud to say it, that if Mr. Clive goes abroad we should be most proud and happy if John James went with him. And the money which you have paid us so handsome, Colonel, he shall have it; which it was the excellent ideer of Miss Cann; and my lord have ordered a pictur of John James in the most libral manner, and have asked my son to dinner, sir, at his lordship's own table, which I have faithfully served him five and thirty years." Ridley's voice fairly broke down at this part of his speech, which evidently was a studied composition, and he uttered no more of it, for the Colonel cordially shook him by the hand, and Clive jumped up clapping his, and saying that it was the greatest wish of his heart that J. J. and he should be companions in France and Italy. "But I did not like to ask my dear old father," he said, "who has had so many calls on his purse, and besides, I knew that J. J. was too independent to come as my follower."

The Colonel's berth has been duly secured ere now. This time he makes the overland journey; and his passage is to Alexandria, taken in one of the noble ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. His kit is as simple as a subaltern's; I believe, but for Clive's friendly compulsion, he would have carried back no other than the old uniform which has served him for so many years. Clive and his father travelled to Southampton together by themselves. F. B. and I took the Southampton coach: we had asked leave to see the last of him, and say a "God bless you" to our dear old friend. So the day came when the vessel was to sail. We saw his cabin, and witnessed all the bustle and stir on board the good ship on a day of departure. Our thoughts, however, were fixed but on one person—the case, no doubt, with hundreds more on such a day. There was many a group of friends closing wistfully together on the sunny deck, and saying the last words of blessing and farewell. The bustle of the ship passes dimly round about them; the hurrying noise of crew and officers running on their duty; the tramp and song of the men at the capstan bars; the bells ringing, as the hour for departure comes nearer and nearer, as mother and son, father and daughter, husband and wife, hold hands yet for a little while. We saw Clive and his father talking together by the wheel. Then they went below; and a passenger, her husband, asked me to give my arm to an almost fainting lady, and to lead her off the ship. Bayham followed us, carrying their two children in his arms,

as the husband turned away, and walked aft. The last bell was ringing, and they were crying, "Now for the shore." The whole ship had begun to throb ere this, and its great wheels to beat the water, and the chimnies had flung out their black signals for sailing. We were as yet close on the dock, and we saw Olive coming up from below, looking very pale; the plank was drawn after him as he stepped on land.

Then, with three great cheers from the dock, and from the crew in the bows, and from the passengers on the quarter deck, the noble ship strikes the first stroke of her destined race, and swims away towards the ocean. "There he is, there he is," shouts Fred Bayham, waving his hat. "God bless him, God bless him!" I scarce perceived at the ship's side, beckoning an adieu, our dear old friend, when the lady, whose husband had bidden me to lead her away from the ship, fainted in my arms. Poor soul! Her, too, has fate stricken. Ah, pangs of hearts torn asunder, passionate regrets, cruel, cruel partings! Shall you not end one day, ere many years; when the tears shall be wiped from all eyes, and there shall be neither sorrow nor pain?

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